

Calvert, Allan J.
Compulsive pen

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A45C6

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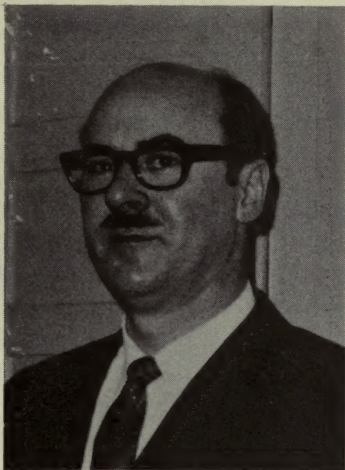
by
ALLAN J. CALVERT



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THE PREDICATE OF DEDICATE

I hesitate to thus assign
The dedication of each line
To some specific one; for I
Have gleaned from all, to here apply
Impressions born of aura carried
By each friend and loved one varied;
Thus I dedicate to each
Whose appetite for rhyme may reach
The spirit of my deep intent
To capture thoughts and passion's bent
In rhyme as record of degree
Of love and varied deep emotion
Thus portrayed in firm devotion
To my wife, and also thee.

Allan J. Calvert.
(A. Jaycey)

Joanie

Suek ye first God's
kingdom glorious

And His righteousness pursue;

Then the things of Temporal
blessing

Shall be added unto you.

Alan J. Cahoon

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COMPULSIVE PEN

My pen poised at my finger-tip,
Describes in verse and line,
Each agony, or ecstasy,
That rules each thought of mine.

Quite often as I read the poems
I wrote so long ago,
I see that, while my mind looked on,
Each word from spirit flowed.

Each foreign line appears as penned
By some observant scribe,
Who, for an instant, saw my soul
And heart, spread open wide.

My intellect demands to know,
"Who gave my secrets voice;
Who lavishes with ink, and pens
My thoughts, without my choice?"

'Twould seem, inside, a restless voice
Cries strong to be released,
To tell the fantasies contained,
To which my soul is leased.

To share the joy and sadness, and
The love and hate and drive,
My inner voice compels me write
The secret thoughts that strive.

How deep I yearn to fully voice
Each facet of my soul,
That I might learn my inner worth,
To help me reach life's goal.

EACH DAY

Each night in all its frigid power
The moon sustains its vigil hours
Accompanied by mighty towers
Of northern lights confused,
As sentinels of light arrayed
In constellation form display
United planets on parade
With milky way diffused.

Quite gentle yawns the morning light
That wakes the dawn to feathered flight
And bathes the earth in colours bright,
Each hill and valley there;
So hid as in a cloistered place
By shades of night with veiled face,
Till dawn's deft fingers, searching trace
Each feature and explore each lair.

Still rising high the burning sun
Reigns master till the day is done;
Compelling nature's course to run
In predetermined plan;
Then quickly moving, scans the sky
In sweeping curve, till shadows lie
Extended long, and daylight dies,
And night descends again.

ENVELIGHT

How envy I the morning light
That wakes the dawn
From shades of night,
To bathe the world in colours bright,
And smile upon you there
So hidden in your cloistered place
No foreign eye beholds your face,
But dawning fingers gently trace
Your features and caress your hair,
As in that scented room you lie
In dream-blest sleep, no wonder I
Should envy dawn's first ray that plys
Its custom of an early kiss
Implanted on so fair a cheek,
And lips, then moves to further seek
Out shadows, and in quiet meek
Persuasive force,
Redeems the earth from sleep.

TERRA MATER

Constant vigil; Mother Earth
Observes each son and daughter's birth;
Knowing pathos, mixed with mirth;
Gauging each potential worth.

Disappointment found in some
Is offset by successful run
Of others whose degree has won
Life's trophy, ere the race begun.

Patiently she marks our years,
Showing pity for our tears;
Proud, when courage oft appears
To stabilize when discord nears.

Grand old Earth; how proud we be,
To for a time, reside on thee;
Yet we strive for more than thee;
Our course presumes Eternity.

HIGH O'ER LONDON'S CLOUD

I watched the dawn as vagrant night
Surrendered to the warming day;
There, peeking through horizon's mist
The sun's red probe cast silhouettes
In ragged blacks and greys
'Neath tinted spires of vapour wisps
In flight from morn's pursuit, revealing
Spread below in bouquets clustered
Autumn's ripened fruit,
Resplendent in retiring glory,
Watching daylight's birth, as they
Their mantle now prepared to cast
Beneath the wind-blown snow
To enter winter's slumber, till
In nature's perfect round
As nurture to the parent tree,
Appear again in spring's green leaf.

SEASONING

Today I hear cold autumn's sharp
Demand to be observed;
Its colours trumpet loudly
As the reds and golds emerge.

I see the flights of ducks and geese,
All headed southward bound,
And realize that soon the frost
And snow will chill the ground.

How short the summer seemed to be;
'Twas here, then sudden gone;
Now fall, then winter rules each day
Till spring breaks forth in song.

So glorious, each season brings
Its blessings great and small;
How thankful we, that God above
Designed it for us all.

THE FALL'S DEMISE BARES WINTER'S EYES

The winds have pluck't the leaves
From every tree
To leave them etched grotesque
Against the sky;
The forest turns to rest
As winter nears,
And birds, to southern sun
In chorus fly.

Soon, falling snow shall kiss
The sleeping earth,
To gently dress each shrub
In winter's cloak,
As frozen fingers decorate each brook,
And lengthened shadows
Race the sun's short stroke.

Such beauty to delight
The searching eye
In windswept hill and dale
And barren plain,
As autumn's final burst of glory fades,
The last leaf falls;
Proud winter reigns.

WINTER'S HERE

'Tis winter now, the ermine gown
O'er shrub is thrown,
And placed the crown
Of winter's might on every height,
As lengthened shadows tease the light,
Till day is swallowed by the night,
And earth becomes an awesome sight
Beneath the stars
That from their vantage silent stare
Upon that jewel hanging there
In perfect symmetry and grace,
Obedient to the laws of space,
Revolving in its pinioned place,
In orbit cast, its whitened face
Declaring, winter's here.

SPRING

Still gray the sky, still chill the air,
The twenty-first of March;
Yet well we know that spring awaits
Beyond this mystic arch.

Soon o'er each field, profuse displays
Of grass and early flowers
Shall emanate from 'neath the soil,
To prove the sun's warm powers.

We see around, all nature poised
To usher spring's display,
Thus bringing winter's power to naught
With waves of colours gay.

How beautiful the earth shall be,
As spring once more reveals
The faithfulness of God's great love,
Confirmed in spring's green seal.

QUIET GLADES

There hid from view
By nature made,
A tranquil pool,
A sunlit glade;
A place enclosed
By quiet shade;
Earth's fair delights
In order laid,
For you.

ACT ONE

This morning ere I raised my hand
To labour through the day,
I walked about my garden
To enjoy dawn's proud display.

The early dew so eager clung
To leaf and petal there
And sparkled bright as jewels
Ere they vanished in the air.

I spied a rose, so purely white,
And thought, 'tis hidden here;
I'll cut it free and take it to
A friend who'll hold it dear.

Perhaps a little act of love
Will drive a cloud away,
And help reveal the sunshine
That desires to warm each day.

AUGUST MEMORIES

We watched the August moon
As cloudy hands slow veiled it's face
As though to give us privacy
To bask in love's embrace.

We stood there mute
As night's chilled breath soft blew,
And measured waves fast beat the shore
In nature's loud tattoo.

The tender moment passed.
Now memory's chamber safely keeps
Its aura in nostalgic store
For such a time when spirit weeps.

Such moments gild the inner man
With rich deposits there;
That when all else but memory's gone
Life's cross we lighter bear.

How treasure I the August moon
Though hands becloud its face;
The poignant memories from that shore
Time never shall erase.

POTENTIAL MAN

Each man resides his span of time
Within a fleshly sphere,
Replete with varied frailties,
Compounded through each year.

The robe of flesh allotted him
Quite often tends to hide
The ugliness, or beauty
Of the one who dwells inside.

The sweet facade he shows his friends,
Conceals the damning trait
That only by extreme provoke,
Reveals its dormant wait.

Who then has seen man's inner self
So hid within his frame
Of flesh and bone, all groomed and clothed
And known by given name?

Who weighs his worth precisely,
Knows the value of the soul,
Evaluates the spirit's depth,
To gauge potential goal?

Each man should seek to know himself,
That by keen enterprise,
Potential full he thus attains,
To bless his neighbors' eyes.

PRIMUS MATER

See now a virtuous woman,
One who cares for others' needs;
She in value outweighs rubies
And the price of gold exceeds.

Her husband trusts her with his goods;
He knows her prudent care;
She fills his home with joy and love
And food and clothes to wear.

Her industry and chaste display
Brings honour to his name;
Her deep compassion for the poor
Gives succour to the lame.

Her mouth delivers wisdom, and
Her tongue holds mercy's grace;
Her children call her blessed;
She delights her husband's face.

Let earth extol her praises;
Let young women emulate
This choice and Godly mother
Who guards well her household's gate.

LITTLE GIRL

Little girl; so many things to learn,
Of kisses sweet, and stings
Of sharp rebuff;
How is it that you spread your wings
To learn to fly, oblivious,
Not heeding stormy clouds
Or deeds malicious?
Such spirit ever sees the sun
Shining through;
And reigning victor ere the race begun,
You count your trophies
And the spoils you've won.

My little girl; I'd ever love
To shield you from the snare
And give you all the care
I think you need;
But you must learn to fly alone,
That when the hand of aid is gone,
You'll soar above the cares of life
On spirit strong,
To be a source of strength to those
Of lesser mien;
In character and grace and regal pose,
Not prior seen.

ELDER ECHOES

Who knows what deep potential hides
Within a young man's breast;
What latent talent waiting birth,
Or strength to pass each test.

Appearance gives a false display
Of weakness misconstrued
By elders judging with a scale
By youth not understood.

The elder judges by the past;
Each error of that day;
Determined, youth should not repeat
That old erroneous way.

But youth is made of all the stuff
Each elder suffered long;
He must hell-bent experiment,
To prove the right and wrong.

One day he too may look upon
The feckless youth, then smile
And wonder, will he choose to walk
That same repeated mile.

If only one could learn of life
From those gone on before;
His path would fall on far less strife;
His hope find no closed door.

HEART

Man's body in affluent times
Receives beyond its share
Of grooming and apparel, and
The finest of rich fare.

The soul is treated to the arts
On stage and silver screen,
And multitudes of cultured books
Fulfill its fondest dream.

The mind is fed with rich delights
Of knowledge, fraught with skill
In using education's light
To finance every bill.

But sad, neglected is the heart,
The center of the soul;
So many, eloquent in all,
Have failed to find its role.

The body, soul, and mind, are primed
To function each in place;
But situations needing heart,
Oft test the skills of grace.

The heart should pity, love, and bless;
Appreciate each taste;
Approve or disapprove by choice;
Experience, never waste.

To be the total sum refined,
One must develop all
The faculties contained within,
To satisfy life's call.

TEENAPTITUDE

Teenager, quick to make the scene;
A wondrous age of in-between
The innocence and adulthood;
By many folk, misunderstood.

A time in life when subtle change
In mind and body, casts a strange
Assortment of perplexed emotion,
Coupled with profound devotion.

Strange they be to adult eyes;
Naught they seem to realize
Of parents deep concern for they,
That life should bless their path
each day.

Oft they fall to hidden trap;
Suffer generation gap;
Oft depart from adult norm,
Yet, show strength in trying storm.

Who can tell the pow'r that lies
Beneath the less experienced eyes?
Time shall prove the teenage light,
As potential soars in flight.

Know we all who passed that way,
Teenage joys last but a day;
Could we but reverse the plot,
We would so enjoy their lot.

LO THE EVENING'S FINAL STILLNESS

*Birth is like a morning dawning,
Off'ring life with all its scope;
Early dew anoints with blessing
As the rising sun gives hope.*

*Heat of day designs each trial,
Making worthy distant goal,
Till the evening's final stillness
Settles gently o'er each soul.*

*One may not escape that stillness
Thus appointed for each man;
All must face that day of judgment
To complete the human span.*

*Happy, he who makes provision
For that day of eventide,
When the righteous souls cross over
To adorn the other side.*

EUPHORASIA

So often as I meditate
On life and all its scope,
I'm siezed with rich euphoria
And buoyed with constant hope.

I wonder at this pleasure;
So I probe to learn its source;
And after much analysis,
Conclude, 'tis God's resource.

My life knows well the trials
And the grinding of life's mill,
And finds no chance advantage
Of physique, or wealth, or skill.

Yet as I walk life's path, I know
A joy of rich delight;
I've found in my Creator,
Peace of mind, and inner light.

THE LIGHT OF TESTING

Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
Pray we who tread the earth;
Teach us Thy way,
Each varied day,
Confirm our second birth.

Should sorrow fall
And testing call
And shades of night surround;
Let Light reveal
To we who kneel,
Thy grace doth more abound.

BLOW SOFT THOU BREATH

Rough wind and tempests blow,
As stand I at the helm;
The storms of life I know,
Till waves my ship o'erwhelm.

Now dare I not to steer
In vain through hidden reef,
But rather knowing fear,
Seek harbour's safe relief.

Hear now Oh Lord my plea
As wait I at Thy throne,
That I might ever see
Thy will as but my own.

My inner spirit yearns,
Thy strength to now attain;
Let now my weakness learn
Thy pow'r my life to gain.

Blow soft Thou breath on me;
Let gentle move Thy force;
Persuade my soul to be
At rest in Thy resource.

MIGHTY-LIGHT

Each man determines in his heart
To struggle or to rest;
His choice decides to what degree
He'll pass each crisis test.

Life's path is fraught with obstacles
That threaten sure defeat;
Yet those who'd win press onward
To possess the victor's seat.

How mighty looms the mountain steep
That blocks each work we do;
Yet often, though we can't climb o'er,
We patient tunnel through.

When troubles come, and dark descends,
And swiftly flees the light,
We rather, light a candle
Than to stand and curse the night.

Though feeble flames our candle glow,
It falls where shadows are;
Dispelling darkness by its might,
And beams its light afar.

PROFUNDI ACCELLERANDI

Dare we whose lot has been to know
The joys of modern science,
Presume that to the learned past
Our minds should show defiance?

Each generation plys its quest
To master new techniques
Of some advanced technology
For which the past did seek.

Should ridicule be on our lips,
Or scorn toward their day,
Or boasting fill each breast, because
We know much more than they?

Nay; we who now achieve so much,
Upon their shoulders stand;
For 'twas their clever research
That gave knowledge to our hands.

Each future generation shall
Advance much more than we;
Accelerated by our gains;
May well it ever be.

LIFE'S DROPLET

Consider how the droplet formed
Descends to add its strength
To lakes and rivers of the world
Throughout its breadth and length.

The raindrop in its sacrifice
To quench the human need,
Obeys the author of this life
To drop where'er He leads.

So miniscule the droplet seems,
But faithful in its round
It brings good health to man and beast
And buoys the ocean-bound.

So like the rain each mortal man
In chorus blends his voice
As in his called pursuit he finds
The passion of his choice.

A man contributes in this life
To all who pass this way,
The essence of his inner soul,
Refined each trying day.

His strong endeavour to produce
His quota to the world
Can ne'er be reckoned falling short
If motives high are held.

His daily round will terminate
Some day and bring reward
Commensurate with effort made
In every deed and word.

TO NOT CONFORM

*My thoughts are fluid today;
Rushing to and fro like waves,
They seek to wash away some crust
That hinders clear perception.*

*I vaguely see myself enslaved
In system's rut, convention prone;
Refusing to defect
Though given light.*

*How oft I long to quickly do
When sudden I'm inspired,
But rather I suppress the urge
And smother choice desire.*

*These shackles must be shaken free.
A man must not be slave.
The dictates of his heart obey,
His dignity to save.*

*Today I purpose to defect
From rigid norm demanding.
I will respond to hearts delight,
Asuage my understanding.*

TRU-DITION

A tale that's oft told becomes legend
When years of repeating its fame
Bears a message to each generation
Found conducive to fit in its frame.

Tradition thus formed by its usage
Is cherished by new schools of thought,
Then laid upon children to follow
As doctrine that mankind has sought.

Acceptance as doctrine will vary
As diverse requirements are filled
By selective opinion put forward
By thinkers and rebels strong willed.

A few find tradition convenient
To use as a fine social tool;
A few in subservient fervor
Accept without question its rule.

A few honest seekers probe deeper;
The truth and tradition divide;
With each basic precept discovered,
Their course of allegiance decide.

The burden of choosing life's pathway
Lays bluntly on each man to find;
To choose between truth and tradition
Needs knowledge and wisdom of mind.

LIFE'S ROUND

Life's course today is fraught with need
To analyze its path
Laid out in every prescribed step
From work to daily bath.

The place we go to earn our bread
Is one of brick and stone,
Replete with such amenities
Required to help atone
For taking man from hearth and kin
To mass produce some ware
That's needed by some buyer
Whose temerity would dare
To sell it at a profit so that
Workers will be paid,
To create a healthy market
To consume the goods they've made.

This round evoked by modern life
Provides the buying power
To live within one's social state
In house or sumptuous tower
Where gourmet foods delight the tongue
Of avid connoisseur
Whose vagaries from social norm
Accent the world's grandeur
So richly painted on the sky
At dawn and sunset bright
Then psarkles on black velvet spread
Across the winter's night.

This life of ours, potential plus,
Gives place to find employ
In pleasure gained by purchased goals
As fate we deft deploy.

VICISSITUDES

Of what should life in whole consist
For we who strive to dwell
In troubled times and stormy place;
Can any knowing tell?

Should life consist of daily toil
And labour for our bread,
And never find a sweet respite
Ere spent, we seek our bed?

Nay. We should know life's fullest joy
Of cultural pursuit,
To sow the seed of laughter
That in time shall bear sweet fruit.

The happy things in life should be
A part of each man's soul;
To cultivate a strength to thwart
The barriers to our goal.

RUN SLOW

Don't fret if life should set aside
Your plans to conquer all;
Perhaps a more convenient time
Will rally to your call.

Obey the dictum "Child stand still"
Before the "Red Sea" shore;
The waters there shall soon divide,
An obstacle no more.

A symphony with mighty voice
Will forte at its best
When played in contrast after
An eloquent short rest.

The flower that blooms in garden fair
Was once a seed benign
Till buried neath the soil, it died,
Then found new life in time.

All nature teaches us to run
With patience, not with speed;
The quiet way prevails in all;
No haste shall ere succeed.

For each pursuit there is a rest
Sufficient for the day,
That when the storms of life assail,
Deep strength maintains the way.

MY PART

Where lies my part? as weeping I
Observe such sore distress,
That devastates my neighbor's eyes;
Hold I some power to bless?

Oh wounded soul! Oh broken heart!
By disappointment crushed;
This great reverse so thrust upon;
The song of joy now hushed.

I weep within; I grope for words
To expiate my soul;
I fain would dress my neighbor's wounds
With healing, making whole.

Could I thus pray, and aught convey
True depths of sympathy,
My neighbor's plight of darkest night
Would rest in part on me.

Where lies my part? To thus assuage
The hurt of sin's entice;
To bear my neighbor's burden
To fulfill the law of Christ.

TO OTHERS DO

Dare any man, when rightly asked,
Give aught for bread, a stone?
Or seeing need, refuse to aid,
Or live for self alone?

Much more, our Heavenly Father,
When petitioned by a son,
Responds with gifts, to thus assure
That deeds of grace are done.

Ask then, it shall be given thee;
Seek, and ye shall find;
Knock, and doors shall open, thus
To bless your soul and mind.

Thus do to others, as you would
Require from each of they;
To exercise the law of love,
And charity obey.

NO FOOL

*Give thanks this day unto the Lord
For He is good to man;
His mercy too endures for aye,
To work redemption's plan.*

*The fool hath said within his heart,
There is no God for me;
I shall not seek His way to find,
Nor grasp eternity.*

*The wise man chooses to inspect
God's claim, to understand
The lovingkindness of the Lord,
Then seek His guiding hand.*

*We thou exhalt, Oh God, above
The heavens and the earth;
Thy glory fills man's heart to thus
Confirm his second birth.*

NO DARKENED LIGHT

*Within this world such diverse force
As darkness versus light
Bids strongly for the heart of man:
To damn or aid his sight.*

*Each man who breathes the breath of life
Is in commitment hurl'd
To choose to foster darkness,
Or, a light within his world.*

*Beneath a bushel never put
A candle with its light;
But rather on a candlestick
That all the house be bright.*

*Let each your light before man shine;
Good works hide not from they;
That they might glorify in Heav'n,
Your Father when they pray.*

HE

He scatters seed with gusts of wind;
He waters with the dew;
He warms with sunlight, giving birth
To flowers of varied hue.

Consider lillies, how they grow;
They toil not through the day,
Yet, Solomon in fine attire,
Clothed not as fine as they.

He knows the number of each hair;
He sees the sparrow fall;
He guides the universe in flight;
He watches over all.

Shall we so frail pretend that we
Need not His care and keep?
Nay, let us seek His way to walk
And know His pleasures deep.

WAIT RUN BE STILL

Be still my child that God may speak
His Word, your heart o'erspread,
In still small voice, to fill the soul
With satisfying bread.

He mounts the circle of the earth
To see all men below,
Grasshopper-like, no peace of mind;
In vain they come and go.

He stretched out Heaven's curtain, as
A tent where men may dwell;
He brings earth's rulers power to naught
As vain their judgments tell.

He spoke, and Heavens took their form;
He spoke, and worlds appeared;
He breathed, and from the dust of ground
Made men who knew God's fear.

Wait on the Lord, renew thy strength;
Mount up with eagles wings;
Run, not be weary, walk not faint;
Know joy salvation brings.

ABSOLIGHT

*Creations power in God did hurl
Each planet to its place,
Then by His word of power, He
Set laws to govern space.*

*He spoke, and fashioned Earth for man,
Who from the dust did rise,
Responding to the breath of God,
Life's flow did bright his eyes.*

*How then could man become so vile
To break communion there?
By disobeying God's command
He introduced sin's snare.*

*Deceitful is the heart of man,
Thus prone to sinful ways;
In need of God's redeeming love
To sanctify his days.*

*How happy those who early find
That reconciled delight;
No more condemned, absolved within;
Made perfect in His sight.*

DISCIPLINE IS FREEDOM

A mountain stream appears so free
As effortless it flows
In rushing rivulets and spray,
Cavorting as it goes.

Yet in its dash to valley's depth,
It never freedom finds,
For though it plunges freely down,
Its will, all nature binds.

It follows gravity, to lie
In vale's confining bed,
Till lifted choiceless to the clouds,
To rain where winds have led.

A man may choose to float downstream;
Content to find his lot
By following the easy course
That may reward, or not.

A man may also choose to fight
The current, to ascend
To heights that hold his chosen goal,
Before his journey ends.

In discipline, true freedom lies,
To let a man declare
That in the face of diverse force,
He'll earn his station there.

LET ME TO THEY

Lord, let me live in such a way,
That those whose paths I cross,
Shall from my life draw benefit,
And never suffer loss.

Lord, teach my hands to ever do
Thy will, t'ward every man;
That I might now Thy servant be,
Consistent with Thy plan.

Lord, lead my steps to ever walk
The path of charity;
That Godly love shall fill mine eyes
To shine on all I see.

Lord, let my life portray such love,
T'ward all who fill my mind;
That they might feel Thy love thru me,
And seek, Thy grace to find.

THIS DO UNTIL I COME

The blood of bulls and goats and lambs,
In token shed by they
Who prior to the sinless lamb
Were wont to thus obey,
Was lacking in itself to cleanse;
But there in type portrayed
The Christ, whose crucifixion
Ordered grace to all who prayed.

We now in mem'ry of that flow,
The gift of God's design,
Partake His body's broken bread,
His blood, the cup of wine;
And in that oft memorial feast,
By Christ our Lord begun,
We thus with joy, obey our Lord's
"This do, until I come".

DEEP LOVE

The peak of deep emotion laid
On chosen high desire;
The inward firm commitment of
The passion's flaming fire;
A well employed surrender to
The object of esteem;
A total satisfaction in
Fulfillment of life's dream.

NULLI SECUNDI

We meet, and in that moment, I
Through eyes well versed in beauty, ply
The skills that aid me deeply trace
The beauty of your lovely face.

I see each eye that sparkles light,
And lips that part to show delight;
And pretty nose and well groomed hair,
Delighting me to meet you there.

Yet, though some facet were amiss,
My mind would hardly notice this;
For, so o'erwhelming is your grace,
It lays perfection on your face.

ODE TO A PORTRAIT

Dark beauty, Silent thou;
Thy vigil keeping ever
From thine instant fixed abode;
Observing we who took too long
To grow, but thou,
A clever painted flow
Did birth explode.

PLACEBO

WOMAN! The one who soothes the tongue
Of he who speaks her syllables
In admirations field.
She's there when lonely passion
Craves the sound of tender voice,
That haunts, and yields
A deep response within the soul,
To coax from latent wells
The needed strength to reach
His goal.

FACET AURA

So often ere a day is through,
I scan each face within my view,
To test the character they wear,
And feel the aura that they share.

I see in some a happy flair;
In others, sadness dwelling there;
And others, wisdom of the years,
And tenderness, and pity's tears.

How well the aura of each face
Presents to me, despair or grace,
And weaves in thru each thread of me
A little of each face I see.

A face I most delight to scan
Is one that stirs the soul of man;
The face of one whose eyes are bright,
Revealing depths of inner light.

I love to sit and slowly trace
Each beauty of that lovely face;
To let my memory long retain
The aura that surrounds her name.

THE ROOT OF POWER
MAKES RICH THE FLOWER

A flower, a tender petal'd bloom;
A joy to bless the eye;
A scent that wafts its rich perfume
To draw observers nigh.

Though delicate the flower appears,
So perched mid tender shoots,
Each petal there draws full its share
Of strength from hidden roots.

The slender thread from root to head
Bears beauty to the flower;
Each varied hue from seed that grew
Displays that hidden power.

So see I thee, the finished work,
The growth of hidden root;
The proud display of cultured worth,
Established, resolute.

May e'er that strength of beauty
Flow'r in such profuse array,
That all who view will strive to prove
The value of your way.

THE CIRCLED FRAME

I always slow evaluate
The measure of a friend,
By scales of value I with love
Possess;
There in this frame are circled
Those whose qualities so blend,
That I desire their aura
Mine to bless.

This inner circle bears your name
Engraved upon my heart,
And deep your thread within
My fabric's wove;
Though few be times we meet,
Your visage glows while we're apart,
To thus fulfill the law
Of Christian love.

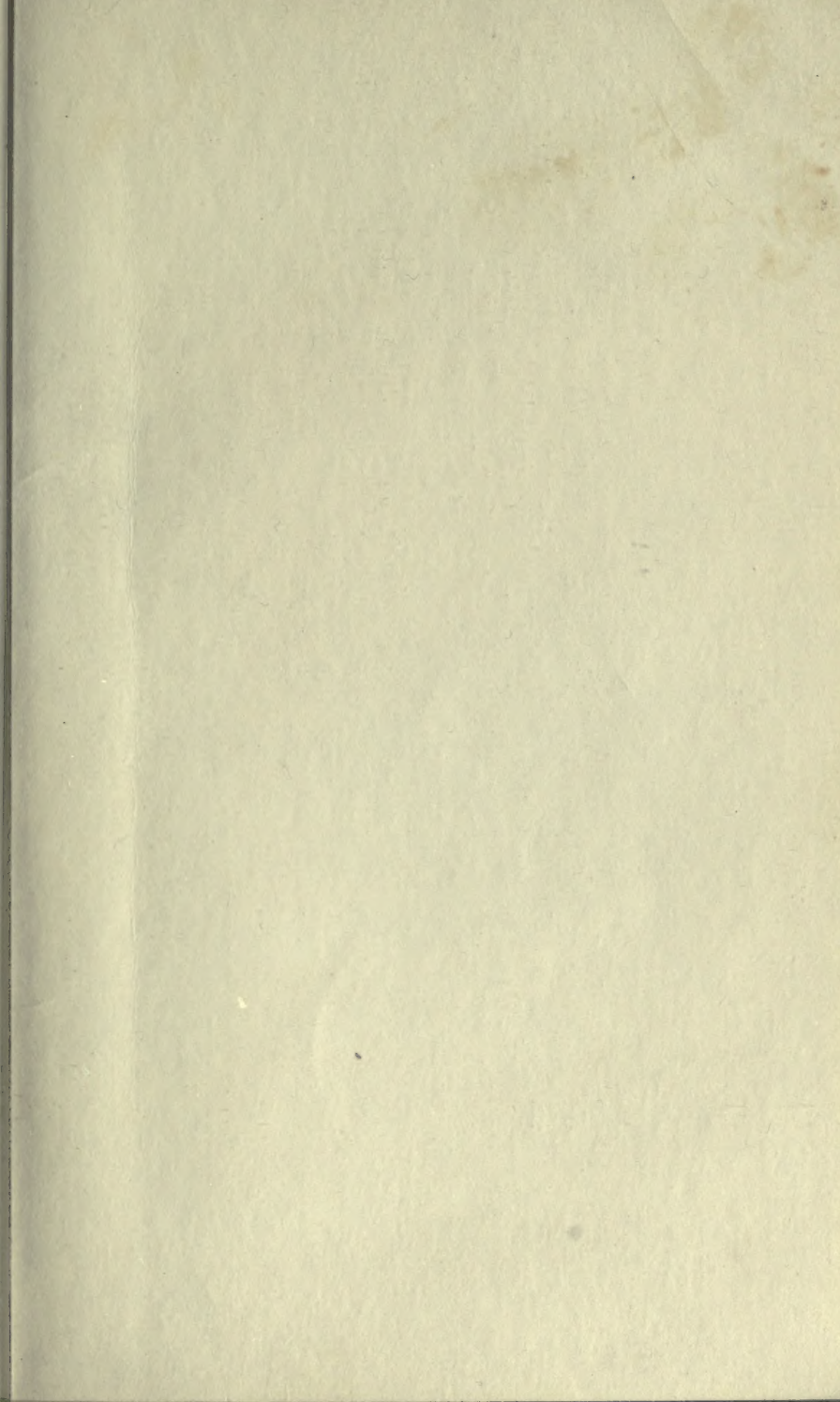
How wondrous are His Precepts,
And His Ways past finding out;
His love commands the things
That we should do;
How gracious, in His planning
He has shown concern about
My need to know such lovely ones
As you.

UNTIL THEN

God bless you as you go your way;
May all His grace attend
Your daily walk within His Will,
And may His Spirit send
Your feet to paths of rich delight;
Your hands a work to do;
Your eyes to see
Through darkest night,
Till Heaven welcomes you.

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Compulsive pen

